

there was an incessant coming and going of spectators. They gave us some soup, which, to our English palates, appeared nothing but warm water with a little coarse vermicelli in it, followed by the miserable fowl of which the broth had been made, with its head on, and inefficiently plucked; and then an omelet—the last being an invaluable accessory to such repasts. It was bitterly cold, and we asked for a fire; a large bundle of fagots was brought and lighted in a huge chimney, almost roomy enough to contain settles, like those of olden time. The flame soon kindled cheerily, and cast a bright glow over the squalid room, with its filthy, unwashed brick floor; an open cupboard, containing the available crockery of the establishment; six rush-bottomed chairs, so dirty that we were fain to cover them with our handkerchiefs; and placed upon the shelf, that served as a mantle-piece, two broken figures in coloured plaster of Paris, representing a valorous Greek leering rapturously at a rubicund Zuleika opposite.

We had time to notice all these details, to count the rafters of the cobwebbed ceiling, to become familiarised with the barefooted urchins who gazed curiously at us from the threshold, ere the requisite preparations for our sleeping-apartments were completed, and the slipshod landlady informed us that we were at liberty to retire to rest. But, fortunately, before allowing her to depart, we remembered a caution that had been given us, to be particular in inspecting the bed-linen; and thence ensued a dispute as to the perfectly unsullied state of that which was first assigned to us. Seeing us determined on rejecting her sheets, she at last made a sullen gesture to her daughter, who soon reappeared with another supply, whose freshness compensated for the nutmeg-grater texture of the homespun hemp of which they were made.

We mounted upon chairs to climb up into our beds, and then had all sorts of laughing alarms at the strange noises that seemed to pervade the house: the gruff voices of the vetturino and stable-boys, the stamping and snorting of the horses which were located beneath us, and the screams of another unhappy fowl, immolated for the refectory of a fresh party of travellers, whose arrival about midnight completely disturbed the short interval that remained to us for repose. At three o'clock we were called, and shivering, sleepy, and miserable, made a hasty toilet, and hurried to the carriage; it being one of the peculiar delights of this mode of travelling, that inasmuch as the entire journey is performed with the same horses, the day is divided into two stages, morning and afternoon, and the driver's object is to insure as long a rest, or *rinfrascata*, between these as possible. Thus, often long before noon, one stops for three or four hours of ennui and discomfort, such as the uninitiated in these matters can with difficulty conceive.

It was of course dark when we set off, and by the time day had fully dawned, we had emerged from the mountains, and were in a broad, fertile country, approaching the boundary-stone that separates Tuscany from the Roman States. A custom-house on each territory is of course encountered; the Tuscans first see that you carry nothing contraband out, and then the Romans ascertain that you take nothing forbidden in. With us, the examination of our luggage was merely nominal; offering the keys of our boxes, with the assurance that they contained nothing illegal, they were immediately and politely returned to us; and thus the magic of our English name, seconded by the donation of a few *pauls*, carried us in triumph through both ordeals. To the Italians themselves, it is a very different sort of affair, as they are always subjected to a very rigorous search, chiefly, I believe, with a view to discovering whether they are carrying arms or prohibited publications.

About ten, we reached Forlì, the first of those large, deserted, decaying cities which are to be met with at every fifteen or twenty miles' distance in the Roman States, and which, in their grass-grown streets, their ruined palaces, and ragged, idle population, give a more striking testimony to the workings of the dominant system, than the most heart-stirring eloquence could achieve. As we sauntered through the dreary town, to while away the hours that must elapse before we could resume the journey, we saw no evidences of industry or employment beyond a few wretched shops, where tobacco, cigars, tape, needles, and such gear were promiscuously sold. The only place where any of the natives seemed to congregate, was one of the cafés, in and outside which we observed numbers of fine, well-grown young men, indolently lounging and smoking, or staring at any stray passer-by with a vacant sort of interest; and all these were the rising generation—the gentry and nobility of Forlì. I say *one* of the cafés advisedly, because another that was pointed out to us near the theatre, was occupied solely by Austrian officers, and consequently unfrequented by any of the citizens. Priests, soldiers, and beggars straggled about the streets, the last besieging chiefly the cafés and church-doors, and exhibiting their withered limbs and deformities as an incentive to the compassion of the charitably disposed. Near the chief square, and evidently the fashionable locality, we saw one or two ladies, followed by a dirty lackey, in a threadbare livery-coat hanging down to his heels, with a faded gold band round his hat, and altogether with such an air of poverty and squalor as rendered this attempt at maintaining traditional dignity pitifully ridiculous. The only public building that looked flourishing or in good repair was the theatre, which subsequent observations have shown me to be the case in most, if not in all towns in the Papal States. At Cesena, for instance, which was our next halting-place, a new opera-house, scarcely yet completed, was shown to us, on the erection of which the municipality—of course with the approbation of the government at Rome—had expended a very large sum; while the town bore the semblance of a vast lazaret-house, its unsheltered poor, in every variety of human wretchedness, lying huddled together by night beneath porticos and arcades, and by day shocking every sense by the display of their wounds, nakedness, and suffering.

But I am digressing, and must return to Forlì, and to our hotel of La Posta, where we dined in a very large hall that must have been a banquetting-room centuries ago. Our places were laid at one end of a long table, the other extremity of which was soon occupied by several white-coated Austrian infantry officers, belonging to the Army of Occupation which a few months before had entered Romagna. They came in clanking their swords, and speaking in a loud, overbearing tone, evidently being in the habit of frequenting the house, to judge by the free-and-easy manner in which they comport themselves. They were fortunately too far off for us to be annoyed by overhearing their conversation, except when they raised their voices to abuse the waiters, which they did in execrable Italian, but with a surprising volubility of expletives. These remarks were generally prefaced with, "Voi pestia d'Italiano," or something equally remarkable for good taste and feeling. But this was nothing to what occurred about the middle of the repast, when a party of Italians, two ladies and a gentleman, evidently of the upper class, our fellow-travellers at the mountain-inn, entered the hall, and sat down opposite to us, waiting till their dinner should be brought, for each party was separately served.

Though they spoke low, and with an evident desire to avoid notice, the Austrians speedily discovered to what nation they belonged, as I perceived by their whispering and laughing amongst themselves, and frequent bold glances towards the new-comers. After a little time their mirth grew more offensive, and reached an unwarrantable height, when one of the party loudly apostrophizing the unfortunate waiter, on whom their wrath so frequently descended, asked him if he could tell him in what light he and all other Austrians regarded the Italians. The man's sallow cheek

grew a shade paler, but he made no reply, as he busied himself in changing their plates and knives, making as much clatter as possible—so it seemed to me—to drown the voice of his interrogator. "Do you not know, *pestia*?" reiterated the officer, stamping as he spoke; "then I will tell you: we all of us look upon you Italians as the dust under our feet, as the little creeping beasts we crush every moment of our lives, at every step we take—ha! ha! ha! ha!" And then they all roared in chorus, and swore, and twirled their mustaches, and called for coffee and cigars.

I cannot describe what I felt during this scene for the cruel outrage on the feelings of the family who sat opposite to us. When the insult was too palpably proclaimed to admit of a doubt, the brow of the gentleman grew dark and lowering, and I saw by the strong heavings of his chest, and firmly-compressed lips, what bitter, unavailing struggles were at work. The ladies exchanged glances; and the younger of the two who sat beside him, and who I afterwards discovered to be his wife, laid her hand upon his arm, and looked up imploringly in his face. I never shall forget the look—indignation, sorrow, entreaty, were all so blended there. He shrunk from her touch, as if irritated at a movement that might call further attention to his position; but the moment afterwards, seeming to recollect himself, he whispered a few words into her ear, accompanying them with a slight movement of the shoulders, with which an Italian always indicates helplessness or despair.

We left Forlì as early as half-past one, although Cesena, our halting-place for the night, was only thirteen miles off; but the vetturino told us, he was anxious to reach it long before sunset, as the neighbourhood bore a very bad name, and carriages were often stopped and robbed at dusk or early morning. In the mountains, where we had been the night before, he told us there was no fear—nothing unpleasant, in fact, ever being known to take place till beyond the Tuscan frontier. These precautions made us rather uneasy, and it was some comfort to perceive that the Italian family set out at the same time as ourselves, and that the two carriages always kept within sight of each other; but no evil befell us—though, in less than a week afterwards, a carriage was stopped on the same road in open daylight—and we jinged gallantly into Cesena, in the mellow sunlight of the October afternoon.

As I am not going to give a journal of our route, but have merely attempted a sketch that could convey some idea of the state of the country which we traversed, I shall hasten over the two following days. We passed through Rimini, La Cattolica, Pesaro, Fano, Sinigaglia—all names which once belonged to history, but now may be briefly classed in the same category of ruin and debasement—and found ourselves, at the close of the fourth day, in sight of the place of our destination—Ancona, the third city in the Roman States.

It is approached by a beautiful road which follows the curve of the bay from the opposite point of Capo Pesaro, and built upon a promontory that runs boldly into the sea, and can be descried from a considerable distance. The first impression the aspect of Ancona produces upon the traveller, is favourable in the extreme. It had been visible to us for the last twenty miles of our road, and looked exceedingly picturesque, rising from the very edge of the water in terrace-like succession, till it reached the summit of the mountain, crowned by an old cathedral, whose quaint semi-byzantine architecture, gilded by the setting sun, stood out in admirable relief against the glorious sky.

The shipping in the harbour lay calmly at anchor, every detail of mast and cordage reflected as in a mirror in the azure sea, which, in the distance, verging on the horizon, appeared suffused with the same golden light as the illuminated heavens. 'T was a beautiful scene, one of which I thought I should never weary; and although, from what I had seen upon the way, I had schooled myself into a considerable abatement of the anticipations with which I had quitted Florence, I now permitted my hopes to revive, and drew good auguries from the prepossessing exterior of Ancona.

As we drew near, we saw more indications of employment than we had yet encountered: heavy wagons, laden with bales of merchandise, proceeding slowly in the direction from which we came; and carts of a most primitive construction, painted with rude figures of saints, and drawn by white oxen or cows, conveying the produce of the recent vintage into the town. Leading to the gates was an avenue of trees, planted on either hand of the post-road, and under whose shade the population were wont to disport themselves for their Sunday's promenade; but the finest had been all cut down a few months before, to make barricades against the Austrians when they were advancing to besiege the town, and their stumps alone remained. On the side nearest the sea, appeared some little square patches of shrubs and flowers, interspersed with a few benches, and four terra-cotta urns on pedestals, dignified by the name of the Public Gardens; and on the opposite part of the road was a long row of very miserable houses, with arcades, beneath which vendors of fruit, salt-fish, and coarse pottery, held their stalls.

On we went through a handsome gate, where the usual formalities of passports had to be endured; and then along a sunny sort of esplanade, with the sea on one side and dirty houses on the other; and through a low narrow archway in a huge blank wall, and we were fairly in Ancona, the Doric city, as it is admiringly called by its inhabitants. The vetturino cracked his whip, the horses did their best to gallop, the dog barked, and we plunged and jolted through the steep narrow streets in right good style, till we drew up in front of the hotel of La Pace, the Meurice's of Ancona.

Our arrival apparently had been expected, for two or three half-naked, black-bearded porters or *facchini*, who had acted as our running-footmen from the gate, now shouted, as soon as they came within hearing, that the Nipote del Signor Carlo was come; and instantly there was a rush made by some boys who were lounging before the inn in the direction opposite. Meanwhile, a bevy of waiters hung open the door, and with many bows assisted us to alight, saying that Signor Carlo had apprised them we were coming, and that rooms were ready for the lady and her daughters. By this, I began to comprehend that Signor Carlo must mean my uncle, Mr. Charles D—, whom I was not prepared to hear so unceremoniously designated; but before I had time to speculate further on this peculiarity, the person in question made his appearance, attended by a complete staff of small boys and porters, who at once broke out in furious altercation with those they found already enrolled in our service. My uncle seemed perfectly at his ease amidst this uproar, tucked my arm under his, saw my boxes transferred to the shoulders of three or four sturdy, strong-limbed *facchini*, stamped and raved at some of the most refractory, and then observing we should be late for dinner, and that my cousins were impatient to see me, hurried me up an almost perpendicular ascent—an alley of steps, in fact, strewn with mouldy orange peel and broken earthenware, which led to a street of scarcely wider dimensions, with lofty dingy houses on each side, that seemed nodding towards each other, and produced an unpleasant sense of suffocation. My uncle told me, with a smile, that this was quite the West-end of Ancona, where some of the first families resided. The Palazzo, of which he rented a large portion, was amongst the best; and the entrance, a large court with arcades, and a broad stone-staircase, carried me back again to visions of Italian splendour. My cousins came running down to receive me, followed by the servants, who all, male as well as female, pressed forward to kiss my hand, and called me Eccellenza.

It was all very novel and amusing, and I was quite delighted with the

A PEEP INTO AN ITALIAN INTERIOR.

Two or three years ago, I enjoyed an opportunity, which rarely falls to the lot of strangers, of becoming acquainted with the domestic life and manners of Italy. An invitation from my uncle, an English merchant at Ancona, to spend a few months there with his family, was gladly accepted. My experiences of Italy consisted of a gay winter in Florence and the "holy week" at Rome, and I was still young and enthusiastic enough to accept with delight any proposal which tended to increase my acquaintance with the country that had so much enchanted me. It was therefore with a light heart I found myself, one lovely autumnal morning, the fourth in a *vettura*, having being confided by my family in Florence to the care of an English lady, who, with her two daughters, was going to Ancona, in order to embark from thence for Smyrna, where her husband was established.

I had never travelled in a *vettura* before, and I thought the lumbering, crazy old vehicle, with its high, narrow step, small windows, hard seats, and peculiar smell of mouldering straw, quite novel and refreshing; and the four lean horses, with their gay tufts of scarlet worsted and bells, the *vetturino* or driver himself, with his pipe and blouse and low-crowned hat, seemingly devoid of all human sympathy save for a mongrel quadruped, which alternately formed the apex of the pyramid of boxes and carpet bags upon the roof, or limped dolorously in the rear—all promised me an inexhaustible store of amusement even for the four days which the journey was to employ.

Soon after leaving Florence, the road begins to ascend; and before twenty miles were over, we found ourselves in the defiles of a magnificent mountain-pass, and in a temperature of exceeding coldness. That night we stopped at an inn amongst the Apennines, and it would be difficult to convey an idea of the contrast its rude inhabitants and miserable accommodation afforded, to the luxury of Florence, which lay behind us. The people of the house spoke in some uncouth dialect it was impossible to understand—the Romagnolo *patois*, I was afterwards told—and looked so savage and repelling, that one involuntarily recalled all the stories of robbery and assassination with which the neighbouring country had been so rife a few months before. They all, old as well as young, stared at us as if we had been wild beasts; and from the time we arrived till supper could be got ready, and the rough hostess prevailed on to make our beds,

appearance of the house, through the centre of which ran a spacious and lofty hall, upwards of fifty feet long ; the walls were painted in fresco by Pellegrino Tibaldi, and the ceiling was richly gilt and emblazoned with the arms of the Farnese family, by one of whom the palace had been built nearly three centuries ago. Opening from this, and in strange contrast with its stately appearance, was a large drawing-room, fitted up in the English style with books, pictures, and other indications of female occupancy and accomplishments. It was like a fireside scene of home transplanted to this distant land, and as much a marvel to me as the thoroughly English accent, appearance, and manners of the family amongst whom I found myself for the first time.

My cousins had been born abroad, and, nursed by Italian women, waited on by Italian servants, had blossomed into girlhood without ever visiting England, or knowing it but as the land of their pride, their aspirations, their religion, and their love. It was curious to witness, in this out-of-the-way place, such genuine feeling and enthusiasm ; and, stranger still, to understand by what spell so strong a veneration for the unseen fatherland had been infused into their very being, as to prevent their taking root or binding themselves by strong bonds of affection to the country in which their lot seemed cast. And yet they were not kept from inter-course with the natives ; on the contrary, I found them here moving in an exclusively Italian circle, and apparently looked upon with sincere respect and esteem by all of whom it was composed.

On the next and following days, several ladies, acquaintances of the family, came to call upon me, and in the evenings most of the gentlemen came to pay their respects in form to the new-comer ; so that, aided by a few hints from my cousins, I was soon quite *au fait* as to the leading tastes and characteristics of my present associates. What struck me most at first, was their excessive ceremoniousness and formality. I never had before seen such courtesies and bows exchanged, or could have deemed it possible that rational beings could endure to hear themselves addressed, or address each other so unceasingly by their titles, as did the *principi*, *marchesi*, and *conti* by whom I was surrounded. Then the observance of certain rules of etiquette was laughable in the extreme—it seemed to be an understood thing, that the mistress of the house, on the departure of any lady-visitor, should offer to accompany her to the door. This politeness was to be refused, then insisted on, still remonstrated against ; and so on, till the contested point being reached, the visitor should retreat with a gentle pressure of the hand, and a profound reverence. Amongst the ladies, I perceived I was surveyed with a good deal of interest on account of some fashionable novelties in my wardrobe. One lady took up my dress, and after looking attentively at its texture, asked me what it had cost, and whether I thought she could send for one like it from Florence. I found out afterwards this was meant to be a great compliment to my taste, and that the loan of a new pattern for a dress or mantle was looked upon as an inestimable benefit.

The conversation did not seem very brilliant, and yet, after all, what is ladies' morning-visit prattle at the best ? I thing it was better than some it has been my lot to hear in a more brilliant sphere, for there was no gossip or harm in this, at anyrate. They talked of the weather, and the opera there would be after Christmas—we were still in October !—and of their children. Yes, let us do them justice there. I do not think more maternal love and anxiety and tenderness can anywhere be found than in the hearts of Italian women. To say truth, however, this affection so extended itself to the minutest particulars, that I grew rather tired of hearing how such a baby was suffering with his first teeth, or of the apprehensions entertained for another with the measles, or the difficulty of providing a wet-nurse for a third, and his mamma's grief at being debarred from undertaking that office herself, particularly when I found these little incidents to be as much discussed by the gentlemen in their evening-visits, as any other topic ; in fact the accuracy with which they spoke on such matters, and their extended medical details, were sufficiently singular and amusing.

The plan of society seemed thus constituted ; during the day, the men lounged at the café, played a game at billiards, or read such newspapers as the severity of the police allowed them at the casino, and generally concluded by strolling a little way beyond the gate I have described on my entrance into Ancona. The ladies did not in general go out every day ; but when they did so, it was to pay visits, or dawdle about the street where the principal shops were to be found. In some families of the *very* old *régième*, however, or in some strict ones of the middle class, it would not have been thought decorous for the female members to be often seen abroad, and an hour's airing at an open window towards the Ave Maria, or dusk, was considered as a substitute for daily out door exercise. I do not know what an English sanitary commission would have said to this custom, could they but have tested the pestilential atmosphere which the Anconian belles smilingly inhaled, as leaning on some old damask drapery consecrated from time immemorial to this purpose, their glossy hair wreathed in rich plaits around their classically-shaped heads, their dark eyes beaming with excitement, they watched every passer-by, and often from one glance or gesture, laid the foundation of more passion and romance than it were fitting in these sober pages to record.

On Sundays and festas there was of course the mass in the morning, which furnished to the women a great opportunity for dress and display, particularly at one of the churches where the best music was to be heard, and the fashionables usually congregated. But there was nothing comfortable in their way of going to church, if I may use the expression. You never saw husbands and wives, and their children, all walking in pleasantly together. The men would have been laughed at for such a conjugal display ; and hence those who went at all, went by themselves ; and of these, how many had any serious purpose in their heart, save keeping well in the jealous eyes of the government and priests, or fulfilling some appointment, or whiling away half an hour by listening to the best airs of Ernani, or the Lombardi adapted to the organ, I should be unwilling to hazard a conjecture. In the afternoon, the promenade outside the gates was crowded, and four or five very antiquated-looking equipages drove slowly up and down the dusty road, forming, what an old count very complacently designated to us, as “ il Corso delle Carrozze.”

Our acquaintances could not comprehend our taste for long country-walks, and used to wonder what inducement we could find every day for rambling over the hills and cliffs, that rendered the neighbourhood really beautiful.

“Heavens !” said one little contessa, “I should die of the spleen”—this was a very favourite newly-introduced term with them—“if I saw nothing when I went out but the sky, and sea, and trees. What can you find to amuse you ? . . . It is so melancholy ! And then that Jews' burying-ground you are so fond of !” . . .

This was a singular spot, remote, undefended, spreading over the summit of a cliff that rose abruptly to a great height above the sea ; but so grand in its situation, in the desolate sublimity which reigned around, in the reverential murmur of the waves that washed its base, that it was one of our favourite resorts.

It was in vain to explain to her our admiration ; she shook her head, and went on : “That burying-ground—to be amongst so many dead Jews !”

“But we must all die like them,” urged one of my cousins ; “and it is good for one to be reminded of these things sometimes.”—

“Pardon me,” interrupted the lady, with a slight shudder ; “but that is such an English idea ! O that terrible death ! why talk or think about it ?”

“How strange this terror is that so many people feel,” rejoined I ; “it must come upon all of us sooner or later. Nay, if the prognostications of many thinking-men in this age are to be relied upon, we are not far from the end of the world.”

The poor lady absolutely turned pale, as she cried out : “Oh, pray do not talk so—you make me miserable ! Besides,” she said, recovering herself a little, “I have been told, that in the Bible it is expressly said, that for seven years before that dreadful day no children are to be born ; and that gives me comfort ; for, at every fresh birth I hear of, I say to myself—well, the seven years at least have not begun yet !”

So the ladies of Ancona, with not more than one or two exceptions, being all participators in this wholesome dread of retired walks, and the reflections likely to be induced thereby, idled away their time in the manner I have described, with the aid of a little crochet or fancy-work ; or, amongst the most studious—they always call reading *study*—the translation of a French novel, until the evening, which brought with it its usual conversazione. Every lady received at her own house some half-dozen gentlemen or so, who were unvarying in waiting upon her, whether she held her levée at her own house, or in her box at the theatre ; nay, so unfailing was their attendance, that if indisposition confined her to her bed, you were sure to find them assembled round it, making the *società* as pleasantly, and in as matter-a-fact a way as possible. As they all dined early, the evening commenced betimes ; soon after six in winter, and went on till midnight, all dropping in at different hours, some early, some late, according to the number of their habitual engagements. In general every one had at least two or three families where he was expected to show himself every evening, and, from a long course of habit, each house had its own hour assigned to it. Many of these intimacies had subsisted for twenty, nay, even thirty years, without any perceptible variation in the usual tenor of intercourse ; they always kept up the same ceremony, the same old-fashion-

ed, laborious politeness ; assembled in the same half-lighted comfortable saloon, and sat and talked ; lamented the good old times, and grew gray together.

It was an odd, disjointed sort of life for white-headed men to lead, particularly when they had houses and families of their own where they could have passed their evenings, instead of toiling up two or three sets of stairs, and making their bow to two or three sets of people, before they could think of returning to their own roofs to supper and to rest. When I write of Italians and their dwellings, I avoid using the word *home*, for it would be strangely misapplied. They do not know of the existence of such a blessing as that most beautiful term of ours implies ; neither, to say truth, would they appreciate it in their present imperfect views of domestic life.

It may be asked whether, in these coteries, there was not usually one more distinguished by the lady's preference than the rest ; and in many instances this was no doubt the case, although by no means so invariably as in former generations. Where such a partiality did exist, it was not apparently noticed or commented upon by the others, but accepted as a matter of course—as a proceeding whose harmony it would have been invidious to disturb. The cavaliere, in general, paid a visit every day—not, however, to chocolate and the toilet, as old-fashioned novels have it, but about one o'clock, to communicate the fashionable intelligence, offer his opinion on some new dress or piece of millinery, give *bon-bons* to the children, and perhaps accompany the husband to the stable, to discuss the merits of a horse or set of harness.

I was told of one old lady who had entered her threescore-years-and-ten still served with the same homage by her veteran cavaliere as she had imperiously exacted some forty winters before. All her contemporaries had died but himself, and he was the last that remained of her società, which had no attractions, for younger visitors. And so they used to sit in the evening opposite each other, a lamp with a dark shade diffusing an uncertain light upon the time-worn room and faded hangings ; both half-blind, deaf, and helpless, nodding drowsily at each other, holding little earthen baskets filled with fire, called *scaldini*, in their trembling hands ; yet still, from force of habit, keeping up this semblance of conversation till eleven struck, when the old man's servant came to fetch him, and wrapping him in a large cloak, led him carefully to his own house.

Happily, we did not have regular conversazioni at my uncle's : as he was a widower, and my cousins unmarried, it would not have been thought correct. We used only to have occasional visits in the evening, or else invited the people regularly to tea—which, though never appearing at their own houses, they yet fully appreciated at ours—and played whist, and had a little music, and did our best to amuse them—all which, on the whole, was a more pleasant, if not more intellectual, way of spending an evening, than that of sitting down to a late dinner with a sham appetite and pretty much sham ceremony and make-believe enjoyment. Here I stop, however. I shall take another opportunity of bestowing a little more upon the reader, as I am desirous of drawing a more complete picture than has as yet been exhibited of an Italian Interior.